

the omen^{*}

now under new management

The Omen

Volume 9, Number 1
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"I get stupid, I mean outrageous.."

-Rob Bass

Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Jon Klein (E-405, box 1568), or Jordan Strauss (J-309, box 1007). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 700 times. What better way to be heard?

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Get the Hell Out Already

Wow. After more than two years of being the Managing Editor of The Omen, I'm finally resigning. (Cut to: Flashback noises) *doollloo* *doollloo* *doollloo*... In October 1994, a very frantic, a very academically screwed Stephanie Cole, founder of The Omen, was doing way too much, with way too little time. Something had to go, and it was The Omen. This is where I came in. I started writing for Hampshire's journal of attitude and mediocrity my first semester here, attempting to establish myself as the pre-med student who was already calling himself "Dr. Land". In Spring 94, I would start the "Section 8" umm... section, which would evolve into the "Section Hate" section along with Dr. Land becoming Sgt. Land. This was short lived, and merely a vehicle for me to use the words "gook" and "charlie" once a week. I would become the managing editor a month or so after that. That's when the fun started. When I took over, everyone else (for the most part), left the staff because they didn't want to work with me. That was the first of several instances over my reign where my character came into question more times than the

1992 Bush/Clinton debates. Oh well, that didn't stop me.

I'd like to think that I've improved the overall quality of The Omen (up until this past fall semester, where I nearly drove it into the ground). The average issue was larger, more consistent, and formatted nicely. Like you can remember back then... like you weren't in high school at the time, junior. I'd like to thank everyone who helped me out over the last two years with The Omen. Ben Sanders who produced this thing, helped me deal with the scut work, and getting things off the ground. Dave Wilcox who supplied wonderful graffics, and countless hours of help for Volumes 4 and 5. Aaron Mulvany for having the worst attitude of any Section Hate editor (where that's a good quality), along with his successor Josh Brassard (with a close second in worst attitude). The legion of retarded editors/staff members/contributors (with a special nod to the mysterious Matthew Flaming, and supergimp/Phish enthusiast Casey (spellchecked as "noodle") Nordell. Most of all I'd like to thank Stephanie Cole, who founded and gave me The Omen. Without her, I wouldn't have had an outlet as wonderful as this for my spite-

fulness and twisted sense of humor. So, who is the lucky set of prom queens who are next in line for The Omen? Well, none other than E-4's very own Jordan Strauss and Jon Klein. Jordan is one of the mere nominally goofy first years, who is quite interested in expanding The Omen to a 4-college newspaper. Jon is a computer science gimp who's a fan of long walks on the beach, having people "touch his willie", and CRB trials. So there you have it. I really loved my time with The Omen. It was a great opportunity to speak my mind (and others'), especially in situations where whatever's being presented isn't the most accepted idea. A few people have asked me over the years if I wrote my articles and ran the paper in such a way to be totally inflammatory and disrespectful to Hampshire's public. The answer is a resounding yes, and my point always was, the "good, sensible" folks would get the joke(s) and appreciate the attempts at humor, where the "horrible, moronic" folks would merely get offended and upset. There is nothing I love more than to upset people who are hyper-sensitive by dragging them back to the world they think they can escape. You can't

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Jon wraps it up

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run from it, and you can't run from me. Well, this editorial wouldn't be complete without me dishing out some new info about myself, to perhaps... enlighten or change your perspective about me. I am absolutely, positively, 130% gay, and I'm using this forum to come out of my pink-flannel lined, Vaseline-

packing, weasel-shaving closet. Whenever someone mutters "homosayswhat" under their breath, I will gladly rise to the call and say "WHAT?". Especially if they're mumbling, and I can't hear them anyway. That's all I have to say.

-Jonathan Land, Managing Editor
(1994-1997) The Omen

Sissy Jew-Boy

Well, we just finished laying out our first issue, and I'm just going to cram this in a corner where nobody will see it, just so I've got something to send home to mom. I was going to write an article bitching about the quality of SAGA food at dinner, but looking over this issue, there's already a lot of whining and bitterness. Wow. I'm in college... every time I go home and see friends in high school, they always ask me to find one event that summarizes my life here... I can never think of anything to say (It's a pretty stupid question. They can be pretty stupid people). What's college supposed to be? I usually just say, "cold" or "the toilets work pretty well." I just don't know, they've got me stuffed in the basement of J right now, in a room with windows that don't open and a heater that's always on. It's stuffy in here, and late at night. I'm uncomfortable and sweating a lot. Hmmm... uncomfortable and sweaty.. that's a pretty good summery. Since I've come here, I've just sat around confused a

lot. When people knock on my door and ask what's on my mind, I just say I'm confused. Well, now at least I'm confused with a purpose. At our last staff meeting, we agreed not to talk about the future of The Omen, or the change in management, just because it would convolute the new issue too much. Well, convoluting matters is what I do best, and besides... Jon and Brendan already have articles, and I refuse to whine this month. Besides, I'm an editor. I'm allowed to pull this crap. Sorry Jon. Future plans for The Omen are to go weekly as soon as possible (read: now). There should be a new issue in seven days. We'll try to be weekly for about two months, then, ficom permitting, we plan to start accepting work from other 5-col works (we already do, but we're going to start actively soliciting). Then, we hope to start distributing to Amherst and Smith. Eventually, to all five colleges. Imagine that.... a Hampshire publication that other people read. Well, that's the plan

P.S. Here is the complete list of people I've grown to dislike over the years:

- Hippies
 - Stoners
 - Children
 - Everyone in a student group
 - Full-paying students
 - Work-study students who can't or don't do their job
 - People who use classism and financial status to judge others
 - Casey Nordell
 - Staff members that can't do their job
 - The sheep
 - The people who have sex with
 - The sheep
 - Gamers
 - Women
 - Jon Klein
 - People who stuff mailboxes
 - The people who have started, and are still working on the Yurt
 - Any student filed in CCS, SS, or OPRA
 - People who chew with their mouths open
 - Humorless people
 - Fat people
 - Anyone who owns an Alannis Morissette album
 - Casey Nordell (God, I hate him)
 - Men
 - Anyone who likes Natural Born Killers
 - Anyone who's seen The Usual Suspects less than 30 times
 - God, my parents, and the Academy
- My apologies to anyone I forgot.
Peace Out.

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The Oakland School District

We have all heard more than we want to about "Ebonics," but, as usual, I feel the need to enlighten the masses with my own opinion on the subject. The reason for this, as if one is needed, is that I feel that a couple of important issues have been left out of the discussion.

Any action made by a free thinking primate is not made in a void. This is to say that the actions of people are not just a response to a situation, but contain an intent of a certain outcome. The relationship between this intent and the action depends on the relationship abilities of the organism to link together a set of hypothetical events to the desired outcome. Knowing this we are better able to assess the situation in which the Oakland School Board made its decision.

First of all, let us look at the stimulus. The Oakland School District is in dire financial straits. This has an adverse affect on the quality of education which the students receive. Many schools are in trouble. The government knows this and wants to help.

The rocket scientist who run this country come up with grand and elaborate schemes to solve all of our problems. These are called "bills." When they

think really hard, they call these bills "acts." Often the effectiveness of these acts are not measured after the enactment, or even in terms of usefulness to the citizenry, but are measured before the time of enactment in terms of dollars. Thus, the president and his fleet of advisors come up with great ideas like the "Crime Bill," which allots billions of dollars to the area of "Crime." In this, some money goes to the DEA, so they can buy and sell drugs, the ATF, so they can kill law-abiding citizens protecting their second-amendment rights, and the FBI, so they can prosecute innocent security guards who save people from pipe bombs. In addition, much money is set aside for federal prisons, so half the society can be locked away from the other half. The effect this has on the actual safety and harmony of our nation is not measured in rapes, murders, or smackheads, but in the more tangible, hard, cold cash. Hmmm.

"Hmmm" is probably what the Oakland School Board was saying when they were looking at the funding our government supplies for education. They were probably looking at the list of available funds and saying, "hmmm, the walls are falling down, we don't have

enough books, and many of our students can't even speak proper English, while that mofo Newt and his homies in the RNC be makin' bank." They then looked at the list of funds and saw "English as a second language."

It doesn't take much thinking to know that if one needs money, and another is giving it away, the former will do whatever is necessary to get it, especially if it's their job to do so. Many snooty people consider Black English not to be English Proper. These are the same people who tell you that you are not speaking English if you end a sentence in a preposition. They are right, to a certain extent. And the school board felt that they could use this snooty logic against the man, first by taking English out of the name, and then by assigning asinine logic that says "Ebonics" is genetically linked. I can only assume that this asinine logic, creepily close to the Nazis, was designed to lure the right wing racists on The Hill into their trap. Hmmm.

However, Black English has been a well-documented phenomenon for years. I had to read about it in linguistics long before some one came up with the great new name for it. Nobody out-

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Hampshire Turns Out Literate Grad?

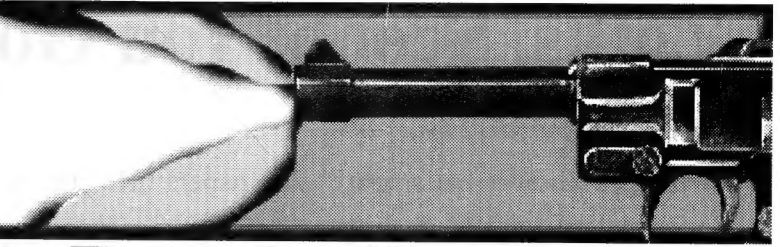
You Lucky, Lucky Bastards! Do you want to know how dated I am after graduating Hampshire only 2 years ago? Any of you know that Ravenloft tournament that Excalibur runs every Halloween? I started that. Anyone remember the person who started the Omen? I was a second year the first day she arrived on campus. I remember the Yurt not being there. Anyone remember the trolls living under ASH? No? Sheesh. My father told me before I went to college that I had to treasure the moments I was about to go through, because I would never, **ever** be that free again in my life. I thought he was full of it, just as I'm sure you think that now. So, let me give you a view of what it's like on the outside. What happens after life at Hampshire: Car insurance, income tax, dental benefits, 401K programs, job security, vet visits for the cats, the awful commute to work, a HUGE student loan payment, rent and the memory that this isn't the way it used to be. Then there's the disease that many college women are carrying around these days. It's called marriage. It'll happen to you to. Look at that bright eyed person you're with. If she's anything like mine, she's thinking, After I get out of here, I've got 2, maybe 3 years to find a husband before they get really hard to find. I'm puttin my claws into this one right now. Getting engaged, fear it. BTW, this aint to say that all women are looking for a husband, it's just a

generality (still taboo at Hampshire, I know, but hey, this is the Omen). Then there's the reality of how old you are. Early to mid-twenties, parents are getting older (and perhaps sicker) and grandparents are starting to die (if they haven't already). And remember your friends from high-school and college? Well, one of them got a job out in Seattle, and one of them's working in L.A. One of them fell in love with someone you haven't even met and moved into their little cottage in Erie, Montana. One of them has disappeared off the face of the earth and you have no idea how to get in touch with them, and you believe the reverse to be true. A lot of them went to grad school (law/medical/whatever) in really good schools strategically placed as far apart from one another as possible. In order to keep your phone bill reasonable, you can still talk to your best friend once a month for an hour or less. Gone are the days where your friends were within walking (if not shouting) distance. The idea of a mod becomes one of hilarious nostalgia rather than the obvious place to live. New friends? Well, keep in mind that the workplace is not made up of people of the approximate same age. The people you are going to meet are going to be of a wide age variety, and you actually may find yourself looking for younger people who just got out of college to hang out with. You may even have to start making friends with Republicans just to have some-

one to talk to. If you're into barhopping, perhaps you'll meet the sleaze that exists there, but odds are its not going to be like it was during college. Towards the end of college you'll be looking around at Amherst and the whole valley area and saying to yourself, Get me the hell out of here! Everyone feels the tug to move on and get a job and build a whole new life. About six to twelve months after leaving, everyone (and I do mean everyone) suddenly turns around and says, Wait! I want to go back! The bad memories from college will fade away, and you'll be left with only the good ones. The nostalgia will be heartaching sometimes, and that's when you call that friend of yours because they're probably feeling exactly the same way. (Just a tip, fall is the worst because for the first time since you were six, you're not going back to school - and man do you want to). I haven't even mentioned the stability of the job market or how many careers there are involved in Creative Writing and Popular Culture. That's not to say that life is all bad. I remember seeing a letter very similar to this one in my high school newspaper. I thought, Loser. Here's some guy who went off to college, isn't enjoying it, and is just whining about how his life sucks. I'll admit it, I'm whining. So are all my friends. You will be too. So, to try to cheer you (and me) up a

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SECTION HATE



“My Cats Breath...”

So kids, Jan Term is over, and you have accomplished little beside ending nearly every evening in a drunken stupor. Welcome back! Ahh...February; Spring Term. A clean slate. A new routine to adapt to. Four brand-new, intellectually stimulating classes. Your inbox on hamp was chock full of new messages. There are fresh faces in your classes and hall. You have a crush on the cute female Feb transfer from the hall below you, or the hot guy that looks like John Belushi and works in the duplication center; or both. You have almost begun to appreciate SAGA after a month of mundane mommy meatloaves (or veggieloaves). More people in the dorms equals more locales for your voyeuristic pleasure. You have not been taunted by the anagram “EPEC” yet, and people have stopped bitching about Greg Prince, Clambakes, and SOURCE. Life is good.

Classes begin; and then you realize again what it was that annoyed you about the Hampshire experience last semester. It's that kid. Yes, *that* kid; or actually, those kids. There's one on your hall, one in each of your classes, and one that sits at the end of your table in SAGA. *That* kid.

He's the reason you won-

der if University lectures would really be all that bad. The kid that has to relate every piece of material talked about in class to his protestant upbringing. He blurts out whatever pops into his head at a given moment, usually unrelated to the class topic. He interrupts the discussion to inform you that in 1983 the Clash released the album “Sandinista,” and how ironic that is because your class is talking about Sandinistas in Nicaragua in 1983. The kid that compares Chinese philosophy to Broadway Musicals. The kid that somehow relates the human memory to hard drives in your psych-related class, or ethernet connections in your computer-related class to a fleet of messenger pigeons. He laughs at every subtle hint of humor the professor makes, even rhetorical questions. At every chance he can create, he interjects his “unique” high school and coffeehouse circuit experiences from his affluent suburban life. He is antsy and fidgety in class, raising his hand throughout a lecture, sometimes up to 15 minutes, until the instructor calls on him. He's the kid that walked in on the first day of class, and even though there were 45 other people there, and he wasn't even on the waiting list, he demands that he should be in the class be-

cause his advisor said it fits into his Div II. He's one of those staunch supporters of Anarchy, but fails to recognize that if America were in Anarchy, he'd be the very first non-prosecutable homicide.

He's the only reason you lock your door: the kid that knocks only once and then walks in. He's not your friend, he just constantly shows up. He stands at the door and does nothing but create small-talk about the weather and Microsoft. If you live on a smoking hall, and you happen to be smoking in your room when he enters, he coughs flails his hands about to fend off the smoke; he'll then say things like “You know, smoking causes cancer in laboratory rats,” or “Say no to Camel Joe!” If you're in your lounge watching an informative commentary on American culture, full of metaphor and didacticism, like the Simpsons, he'll bust in and demand you update the plot to him, right when Fuzzy Bunny and Fluffy Bunny are consummating their marriage. Then he'll ask you a series of trivial and redundant questions, like “Did you get that form letter about campus security? Wasn't that a riot?” or “What do the sheep eat during the winter?” or “What's UNIX?”

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Zoiks, Scoob, You Go to Hampshire?

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maybe "Ya know what's neat? George Orwell wrote a book about 1984 and how it would be all totalitarian, and it's 1997, 1984 was like 13 years ago, and he was so wrong!" or even "Did you know that each of the characters from Scooby-Doo are symbolic for one of the five colleges?" don't forget "It's all relative, really," and oh yes "Did you know we have a yurt on campus? Can you believe that, a yurt?"

He's the reason you hate Phish or the Grateful Dead, that stupid hippie that plays his bongos or that log-type thing with the beady-things in it really loud at all hours. He'll smoke anything he can fit in roll-

ing papers. He puts up pictures of Jerry and Trey on his door. He relates everything to Nietzsche, Lao-Tzu, or something called the "Helping Phriendly Book". He puts "Touch of Gray" on repeat and plays it loud from 10pm-2am. He leaves his rancid birkenstocks on the radiator to putrefy the lounge. The porcelain of your hall sinks are tainted purple and green from his tie-dye parties. He has a noticeable, but not quite olfactory smell; it's mildew, and it emanates from the clothes he's been wearing for the last six to eight weeks. He sometimes forgets his name and has to ask you what it is. When he uses the bathrooms in Dakin, he

becomes confused on his way out because both doors are brazen with an "exit" sign. Oh wait, that all pretty much describes me...nevermind.

Yes kids, another semester of action packed Hampshire wackiness and inanity upon us. If you happen to fit into one of the above gratuitously generalized (and non-gender specific) stereotypes listed above, there are several transfer applications available on the J-3 coffee-table for UMASS; please feel free to take one. UMASS ... Mmmm... white cap boys...

-Brenden Tamilio, Managing Editor

*Dumb Hampshire Students
pot pot pot pot pot pot pot
stupid animals*

-Jon Klein

MOVIES

I Bent my Wookie

I begin with two questions, the first to The Omen editors and staff:

Why am I writing for you bunch of whiners? My second question is to you:

Why are you reading this bunch of whiners? If you were to ask me to sum up my feelings about the Omen, I would have to use Luke Skywalker's immortal words about the Millenium Falcon: "What a piece of junk!"

Which brings me to my review. I don't have any new shit to review, so I'm reviewing some shiny old shit in a brand new package, namely

Good old "Star Wars". All this "I went three times in 2 days" stuff I've been hearing the last week is just a little bit amusing, to say the least. A few of my colleagues (ha ha ha) would probably use some other adjectives; pathetic, to name one.

But I can't be a hypocrite. I'm the one you hear around Saga, whistling the Cinema-Scope half of the 20th-Century Fox logo. So in my own way I'm at least as pathetic as anyone who has slaveringly collected, (within the last few months, mind you, not twelve years ago) every goddam action figure and choreographed their room around them. If these people found them

in their attic or something and brought 'em up, that'd be one thing, but- no comment. (I'm not even starting with the gamers- I number some of them as my friends.) Though I admit I had a Jabba lunchbox at one point, in first grade.

I wanted to review the audience. Nothing much to review at 10:40 on a Thursday night at the Hampshire Mall, which was when I went. Don't see "Empire" there, by the way, if you know what's good for you. I've seen grindhouses and I have seen fleapits, but I have never heard the likes of this sound system. It's like your lounge TV on an absolutely catastrophic scale.

Go to Springfield, the stam-pede should be over by now.

Oh, that's another thing. A friend of mine went there last week, maybe Saturday, and his girlfriend got trampled, for Chrissakes. Disgusting. She's doing all right now, though. I see this whole schmear as a vast manifestation of Pavlovian drooling at its worst, to tell you the truth. Now I mean! Can you spell "disproportionate", boys and girls?


Well, that's all- I have to say - about that. If you want to pick a fight with this reviewer (after he's actually reviewed some-

thing, that is), you can find him in the booth on Friday nights from 7:30 onwards projecting for Second Sight. Stop by after the show while I'm rewinding the last reel and we can brain each other then, O.K.?

As long as I'm plugging this fine Hampshire institution I'd like to mention one film we should be running later in the semester which I highly reccomend. It's called "The Big Combo", nobody you or I ever heard of is in it, and it's a fine old film noir slugfest, a sadly neglected one. (It was directed by Joseph H. Lewis, who directed the original "Gun Crazy".) To give you some idea of what it's like: If there is any cinematic equivalent of the effects of four quick shots of raw Jim Beam (with no chaser of any kind) and at least as many Pall Mall straights on an absolutely empty stomach, Lewis' film is the closest thing to it. Don't just take my word for it. Keep your eyes peeled, folks.

-Nick Edwards, Entertainment Editor

Thick Eyebrows
Jonathan Land,
1997



Greg Prince of Darkness

Hi. I'm Jeffy B. and I hope to have a regular column with the Omen. For my first column here (and really, in all of existence), I tried to come up with something that really pissed me off. Though many separate rants and tantrums come to mind, I decided to face facts: I am beginning my second semester of college. I don't know shit. See, I'd love to go off on some sort of tirade or another, but I'm pretty sure that there's someone out there who knows more about the issue than me. Henceforth, I would be shot right out of the sky and shatter, not unlike the clay pigeon from the Nintendo game "Duck Hunt". Y'see, here's what I've learned at Hampshire so far:

1. How to develop negatives and print photographs.
2. To a Div II and III photo student, Everybody Else falls somewhere between feces and bile.
3. If Gregory Prince's head were to be shaven and shorn, one could definitely make out a "666".

Now, so far, I understand the first two items. In fact, I'd say that I could almost certainly defend or explain either. But item number three...well...that's just about all I know; Greg Prince is Metistopholes incarnate. "Why?", you ask. Well... um ... he fired some teachers... uh... politics... and, like, Greg Prince is watching... Now, I know the whole "issues" issue has been beaten to the point where nobody

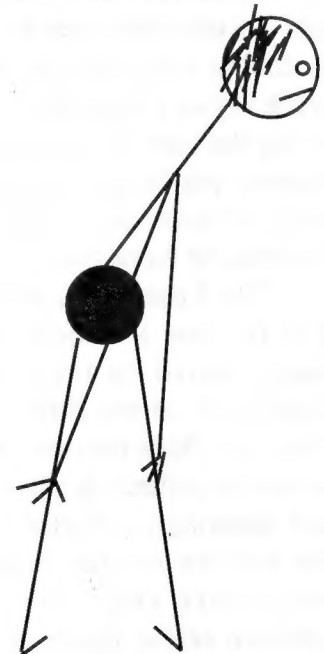
gives good goddamn anymore, and I'm not trying to rekindle any feelings of animosity towards the Lord of the Underworld, but I just remember early September and being accosted by many bitter and angry older students about Greg Prince of Darkness. I asked many people about the issues and even attended a Speech of the High One, but I could draw no conclusions. I heard that he fired a bunch of teachers and that yes, in fact, his reasons were political, and that Beelzebub actually did strategically fire whomever is in charge of the womens' center and that he is the illegitimate father of Rosemary's Baby and that if he would simply rehire certain teachers and members of the Hampshire community, then once again the doves of peace could sing and there would once again be joy in Candyland.

So I saw a really cool jazz band playing in front of the library to promote a crucifixion, I mean, press conference. I subsequently attended (I'm not sure if they were promoting the conference that he attended or the one when he was in New Hampshire, allegedly raising money for the school). Anyway, I attended the press conference at which the Physical Manifestation of Evil was present. Apart from some dumb orientation thing or another, this was the first time I had seen him or heard him talk. And y'know what? I kind of liked the guy. Snappy dresser,

articulate...how could this man have cloven hooves?

Bear in mind that as a first year, I'm pretty sure that I'm clueless in some area or another in all the brouhaha surrounding this issue (well, actually I haven't heard much about it lately...was an agreement reached? Help me here; I'm operating out of ignorance). I suppose that right now in my blissful ignorance, I have no idea whether or not I'm being kicked by Greg Prince, or if I am, just how deep he's going. I don't know. There were a lot of really angry people. I guess I'd rather be uninformed and slightly wary and maybe a little bit dumb and idealistic than be misinformed and pissed off.

-Jeff Barnett, Staff Writer



Rectum, I Damn Near Killed 'Em
Jonathan Land,
1997

Non-Dairy Creamer

Dear Ask Pam,

I am an extremely hairy red-head. My girlfriend recently mentioned that she thinks it could be quite sensual for her to shave my back. I've had this hair since I was twelve; I'm very attached to it. Where I come from back hair is a sign of virility and manhood. I love my girlfriend very much, but I'm concerned about what the guys will think. What should I do?

-Hairless in Seattle

Dear Hairless,

I agree with your girlfriend, the hair needs to go. But it must be done in the proper atmosphere. I suggest that you invest in some candles and romantic music to set the mood and let your girlfriend shampoo and condition your back hair before she rips it out. Shaving it would not be good enough. She should pluck each hair out individually, preferably with a pair of rusty pliers. Or maybe a home waxing kit so she could at least have the sensual pleasure of hearing you scream in agony as she poured hot wax all over your back. But why stop there? I'm sure you have some chest hair that's desperately in need of a trim. Hampshire students are way too obsessed with shaving their heads. They should realize that there are more interesting and difficult regions to shave. Thanks for pointing this out, you pathetic ape, and good luck with

Ask Pam

Pamela Greenberg, Omen Staffer

all your future hair-removal plans.

Dear Ask Pam,

I'd like to remain anonymous, but I will say that I'm the editor of a Hampshire news publication named for a fictitious bird. I've never been an extremely social person, but lately this has reached new lows. For the past three weeks I have been practically incapable of leaving my room. I have found that it is the only safe space for me to carry out my daily ritual. I'll spare you the gory details, but suffice to say I've been spending all my money buying pounds of powdered non-dairy creamer, I have constant nose bleeds, and I wet my bed every night. Is there any hope for me to live a normal life again?

-Cream Fiend

Dear Cream Fiend,

Get a life! It's probably a good thing you never leave your room, you spare the rest of us from having to look at your detestable face. Even in a community as open and accepting as the one here at Hampshire, nobody likes the *real* freaks like you. I can only advise you to change your name, move to Ohio, and get a job (as if anyone would hire a loser like you) doing anything but editing a publi-

cation, which you obviously can't handle (Hell, you can't even handle your own bladder). As for leading a normal life...don't make me laugh! Get a grip and get a one way ticket out of here before people figure out who you are and try to lynch you. I warn you to move quickly for it may already be too late.

Dear Ask Pam,

I want a better map of Canada.

-Confused Geographer

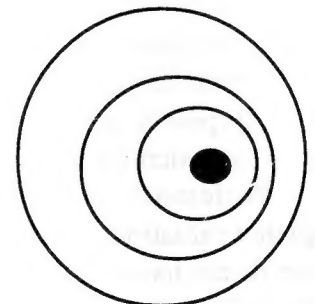
Dear Confused Geographer,

It's good to want things, but if I were you I'd just want a straight jacket and a padded room.

(the above letters are purely fictional and any similarity to actual people or events is purely coincidental)

To submit to ask Pam, please send your question via e-mail to

askpam@neural.hampshire.edu



Bull's-Eye In The Style of El Greco
Jonathan Land,
1997

An Open Letter

To: Aaron Berman, Dean
of Advising

From: Regina Laba, F96,
Box 741

Regarding: A Deadline for
Evaluations

Copies Sent To:

Gregory Prince, Jr.

E. Frances White

Robert Sanborn

Mark Feinstein

Mary Russo

Brian Schultz

Margaret Cerullo

Micheal Ford

Dear Aaron Berman,

An issue of aggravation and frustration that concerns students every semester is the length of time it takes before evaluations are available to students. Today is February 6th, and of five completed classes I have only two evaluations in my file. I am applying for a competitive internship that requires a copy of my transcript, which will be sent without any kind of comment on my performance in over half my classes. This is unacceptable. Many students are applying to Graduate school this semester with an incomplete transcript. At the very least this lack of attention reflects poorly on Hampshire and makes students lose out.

Professors who do not complete evaluations in a timely fashion do not have students as a priority. What is the point of being an entirely undergraduate institution if the most tangible evidence of personal attention

towards students is lacking? I realize that professors have an academic life outside of their Hampshire classes. Unfortunately, that life is not as important as their academic life at Hampshire. They are not guests in the Hampshire community, but integral members with a vital contributing role. They should not take this position lightly. Students also have a life outside of their Hampshire classes that is considered very important to their personal development. Sometimes this life can distract from classes and school work. That is why there are deadlines attached to our assignments.

I am proposing that a deadline be set for completion of evaluations and their appearance in the students' files, as I am aware that sometimes evaluations are turned in to central records and not filed for a substantial length of time. I propose January 24th and June 14th as deadlines for evaluations to be handed into Central Records, and February 1st and June 23rd as deadlines for student availability. The kind of lax attitude displayed this semester would not be tolerated in colleges using the traditional grading system.

I wish I could say that I attend a school where professors display a level of responsibility that transcends the deadlines of undergraduates, but unfortunately this is not so. The neglect of prompt evaluation entirely opposes Hampshire's philosophy of education, which many

of our students have made great sacrifices to enjoy. The lack of prioritizing regarding evaluations is one of the main things keeping Hampshire's philosophy from being a reality, and it is something that can be easily remedied.

Please hold professors accountable. This is a true measure of how much this school cares about its students. It is entirely possible to hand in Fall evaluations before the second week of the Spring semester. One of my two professors to do so is also the dean of one of the four schools, a position heavy with responsibility. This professor made evaluations a priority, as should everyone teaching class at Hampshire. Evaluations take more time and thought than grades, but professors who find this process too taxing should perhaps reassess their position in alternative education. Or maybe their superiors should reconsider it for them.

I was encouraged to write this letter by members of both the student body and the faculty. Copies of it will be printed in any student publication that will have it, and sent to other administrators at Hampshire. I ask that you share it with the faculty members you come into contact with through meetings. Please seize the opportunity to handle this issue in a positive and proactive way, in this year of our re-accreditation. Thank you for your time concerning this matter.

Sincerely, Regina Laba

Mayor McWho?

So here I am, and I've got a whole page to fill all by myself. Make it look like I've got something meaningful to say... Mommy wow, I'm an editor now!

I had originally intended to write about porn and/or UNIX*. Since Hampshire College is filled with hippies and feminists however, I figured it was best to avoid the topics of technology and the objectification of women altogether. I had to figure out something else to write about.

Because I'm so hated at Hampshire College (because I'm racist/sexist/homophobic/homosexual/whatever), I've picked up the habit of taking every opportunity I get to take a long drive around the Valley just to see what I can find. In my travels, I've discovered some sights which are, to say the least, unique. So every week in order to enlighten you or entertain you, or maybe just to take up space, I'm going to tell you just a little bit about one of these places.

Fun For All Ages

Jon Klein, co-editor

So... Deep in South Hadley, at the end of what may as well be an abandoned dirt road, lays a most torpid (er, astonishing) site.

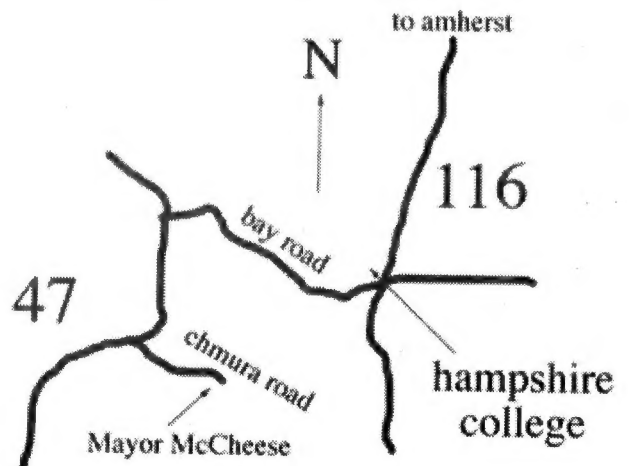
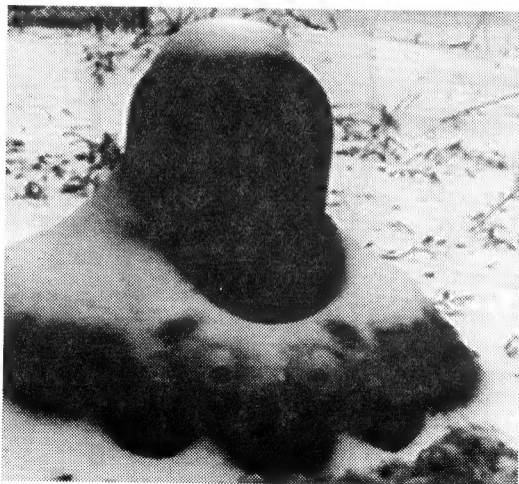
Who here knows McDonald's Mayor McCheese? I trust that we should all recognize Mayor McCheese from countless childhood trips to McDonald's Playland. Even lifelong devout vegetarians (and who am I kidding — who isn't a lifelong devout vegetarian?) have witnessed the power of Mayor McCheese when gazing resentfully at the McDonald's while passing by.

For those who are pretending not to know cause it's uncool or something, I'll explain. Mayor McCheese is this great big—not little, but big—fiberglass statue in the McDonald's playground. Children are encouraged to climb inside of Mayor McCheese's mouth. This

thing is *big*. Go take a ride on Rt. 9 past the Hampshire Mall. Look in to McDonald's playland. See that big mouth? That's mayor McCheese.

Next time you're bored, or tripping, or tired of masturbation, check it out: Mayor McCheese is sitting in two pieces on some freak's front lawn, next to a school bus and a trash truck. If that wasn't enough, there's also a pickup truck on the front porch. With all due respect to whoever it is that owns this crap, the owner is obviously a full blown redneck.

Mayor McCheese's appearance in the middle of nowhere serves in some sense as closure for those of us who spent the 80's listening to complicated urban legends involving large fiberglass chipmunks getting kidnapped from miniature golf courses... and the photographs showing up of said Chipmunk at Disney World... in Paris... at Graceland... who remembers that one? None of you? You all suck.



* UNIX is a registered trademark of AT&T; 'porn' is not.

More Ebonics

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side of the extreme right, a view sorely lacking from most legitimate academia, ever said it was genetically linked. In fact, they went to great lengths to prove that it was not. Aside from the obvious fact that many black people speak proper English, the school board also ignored a wealth of otherwise useless documentation.

In this light it is easy to discern that the adaptation of a racist view of speech patterns was a bad action. *Yes, but even worse was the intent*, which was TO DEFRAUD THE GOVERNMENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. I wonder how much of the crime bill was set aside to deal with that problem.

This leads us to the reasoning part of the behavior equation. They needed money, so they used backwards racist half-truths in an attempt to defraud federal agencies. Hmmm. Bad reasoning. This exposes the general lack of intelligence and forethought in the Oakland School Board. It is however a strong argument for the need for funding. School Board members are elected from members of the community. In many cases they are people with strong ties to the community, often growing up and going to school there. If the Oakland School System were better, the school board wouldn't so obviously be of sub-par intelligence.

While I am all the "mis-

use" of funds for worthy purposes, it should only be attempted by those who are smart enough to do so without discrediting their argument or their

cause. Actions like this are a strong argument for government intervention in local affairs. Hmmm.

-Chris Ruge, News Editor

Get over it

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it will be a transition when you leave college, just as it was when you left home. The process of transition is always hard and you always wind up longing for what you had rather than appreciating what you have. You will be independent and in control of your own life (to a certain degree). You will be able to spend your (spare) money however you see fit. You may even decide to get married (which has its ups as well as its downs). It's an adventure, just like college was. But one

thing is true: the period of your life that you are in right now is the time when you can enjoy the most freedom with the least amount of responsibility. This whole diatribe I've gone on was not to make you fear the future, but to appreciate the present. I didn't, and college passed very, very quickly. Don't let that happen to you.

- Jerry Darcy, Fall '90

PS: To partly relive the Hampshire experience, I wrote this entire thing during work.

Dumb First-year

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as of yet, anyway. All previous policies continue to be in effect. If you're confused about them, check out the policy box on page two. Let's see... this should be about the right length. I don't really have anything else to say (never did). Get in touch with your retarded inner child.

-Jordan Strauss, Co-Editor



We'll miss you, Jon